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SPECIAL NOTICE.

While the NEW MAN is still published in Lawrence, Kansas, all remittances and communications should be addressed to

DR. P. BRAUN, 3857 Seward St., Omaha, Neb.

Our Angel in Heaven.

—OR—

Love the Greatest of All.

CHAPTER XXVI—CONTINUED.

They understood it all now. Alma informed Arda that she loved Fritz, but not in the way she would love the man she would choose for her husband. She testified to the fact that Fritz had never touched his glass that evening, but had heroically overcome the temptation. Weber also confirmed this. Arda's heart seemed to sink within her, and she exclaimed, "What a fearful mistake I have made! Oh, Fritz, my own darling husband, can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, he cried, "it is I who should ask your forgiveness, for the sorrows and the unhappiness I have occasioned you with my conduct in the past. I never

blamed you for leaving me, although it wellnigh broke my heart. But," he added after a while, "I had the assurance that you had forgiven me long ago from our sweet angel in Heaven who appeared to me some time ago."

"And so he came to you? I told him to find you and deliver this message of peace," whispered Arda.

Husband and wife embraced each other, and their lips met. Alma gently drew Weber away and they both left the dressing room.

"Ah, I see him now right over us," said Arda. "Listen."

The room seemed filled with a strange light and heavenly harmonies floated through it. They heard a sweet baby voice sing, 'Glory to God in the Highest. Peace and good will to men on earth.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

It is the first of June. The soft silvery beams of the moon are flooding old Father Rhine and the lovely hills that border it. They light up the grounds around the old family mansion of the Wittensteins. They rest on two figures that sit on a rustic bench outside of the grand pavilion. We recognize Fritz and Arda. She has her arms around his neck and her head rests on his shoulder. His arms are folded around her waist. The two whisper words of love, just as in the old lover days. We will record part of their conversation.

"Tell me," says Fritz, "how in the world did you manage to be engaged to sing the title role of my opera?"

"I did not manage at all. A kindly fate managed this for me, or may it not have been my great desire that brought about the events as they happened. Good Mrs. Field was not satisfied to have me graduate at the Leipzig Conservatory. She gave me into the hands of Signor Saroni, the great Italian master. Saroni and Weber were great friends, and when Weber confided his needs to the old teacher, he recommended me. And it was just the work for which I had been

laboring. I did not care to become a great singer but I did care to help you to make a success of your opera. I felt that you would revise it and try to have it performed once more, since it was not the fault of the work itself that was the cause of its failure."

"And all this time you believed I loved another? How you do love me!"

"Alas, I felt very bitter towards you when I left you, as I thought, in the arms of Alma. I almost died with grief, but step by step my gentle cousin led me up and out of that condition, and our sweet angel in Heaven finished the work. My love for you gradually changed, but it grew no less. In a moment of abstraction and silent communing with my Divine Self, it was revealed to me that you were my soul mate. After that I knew that you were mine for all eternity, and if you loved the other women, it could only be an earthly passion which would die with the death of the body if not before. I could give you for a time to her and wait my time. When I told you that night that you belonged together, I meant only that you belonged to each other as long as you loved each other. But thank God, that great sacrifice was not needed. We have not only found each other in body again, but our souls have found each other as never before. Love is indeed the greatest of all, and we can never be parted any more now, although one may step on the spiritual plane of life sooner than the other. Love is greater than death. It cannot part those who truly love each other. The only separation that can be is one of soul and not of body. Alas, how many who eat together on the same table and sleep in the same bed who yet remain strangers to each other. Their souls have never met. And how many go through life unloved and unloving, when they might gain a husband or wife, and friends, if they only allowed the Divine love that is latent in all human hearts to shine through them out upon their fellow men. There can be no happiness for any child of Him who is All-Love without an active expression of the Divine nature which constitutes the essential

nature of the Soul. We hunger and thirst for Love. Millions famish for the want of it, and yet it is as free as the air of heaven and the waters of earth. My heart aches for them all, and I would most gladly spend my future life in the service of the Master trying to teach men and women how to love and through love gain all else that is needful here and hereafter."

"I am truly happy to find that your desires are exactly in line with mine. We will both spend the rest of our lives in the service of our fellow men, and the whole world shall be our field. Race, country or creed shall make no difference. They are all the Father's children and therefore our brothers and sisters. How blind are those who say the gospel of love and good will towards all mankind is impracticable. The happiness which even a touch of love often causes is proof that love is right and hate, indifference and selfishness are wrong. Every human heart responds to love, and the happiness which it produces proves that it is in harmony with God and nature. How mistaken is our modern evolutionary school when it attempts to trace love back to a 'biological need,' or an 'overshadowing instinct for reproduction.' The love of the sexes is based primarily on the universal law of harmony and affinity. The two forces in nature which we call centrifugal and centripetal; negative and positive; active and passive, are opposites in seeming only. In reality they are necessary complements to each other, and the one is useless without the other. Man and woman embody these qualities. Alone and without the other neither can reach that state of completion, which is the universal craving in all human hearts, whether they be conscious of this or not."

At this moment three carriages rolled up the driveway towards the mansion. Fritz and Arda rose hastily while the latter said, with a thrill of pleasure, "Our guests are coming. Let us hurry to meet them."

They reached the main entrance to the mansion at the same time the first carriage came up. First alighted the Master. Then came Herr and Frau Weber who had been married in January, as Mother

Grundy had wisely anticipated. Then came Mrs. Field and her sister Mrs. Harding. After this appeared Jacob Brenner and his beautiful daughter, and lastly came Tony Becker, his wife and daughter, the latter two somewhat shy and shrinking, but much encouraged by the warm welcome which they received from Arda and Fritz.

This was a happy reunion. The host and hostess had expected them all during the summer, but their simultaneous appearance was a pleasant surprise, and led them to believe that they all had connived together in making their plans so as to come the same day. Those who arrived first at Coblenz waited for the others, when they hired carriages and drove up to the mansion together.

And a most jolly reunion it was. There was a late supper, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in recounting the experiences of the days that were past, days of trial to all of them, except the Master and the two American ladies perhaps. Mrs. Field came in for a large share of the attention of all. Her noble conduct in providing the opportunity and the means of Arda's education, had won the respect, not to say the admiration of all who knew it. Mrs. Harding had learned much while travelling in Europe. It had been her first trip, and the daily contact with all phases of life had enlarged her sympathies. She could forget self once in while and rise to sentiments and deeds to which she had been a stranger while she was shut up in the narrow confines of her old home.

Jacob Brenner had grown younger in appearance. He had discovered a talent for music and a fine voice in his daughter, and he had begun her education in that direction.

The least demonstrative, but by no means the least happy, was Tony. His success at the exposition had greatly encouraged him, and he was now finding a ready market for his paintings. He had sold all but "Forgiven." He could not part with that. "Eventide" had been purchased by Fritz underhandedly through his agent, and a generous sum had found its

way into the hands of Tony. Now that Tony had seen the painting at the mansion he was almost angry, for he would never accept a penny from Fritz for any painting the latter might want.

Weber and his openhearted wife were also supremely happy. Alma and Arda were great friends which was a source of joy to their husbands.

The clock struck the half hour past eleven when the company broke up for the evening and the guests were shown their apartments. The two young girls had been attracted toward each other from the first, and they begged to be allowed to occupy the same room while at the mansion.

Only the Master had lingered. When all had retired he begged Arda and Fritz to remain with him for a while longer, as he wished to introduce them to two of his friends.

"You have, he said addressing Fritz, "advanced marvellously, and you have grown beyond the point where I can teach you. To night you will be asked to decide what the future shall bring you. Let us retire to the Temple.

This was a room built above the central roof of the main building, with large windows all around it. The light of the sun by day and that of the moon and stars at night had free access to it. It had been fitted up by Fritz for himself and wife alone. No one else was allowed to enter it at any time. Here they retired when they wished to sit in the Silence, for the purpose of communing with the spirit. Here they received daily spiritual light and strength. Here their souls were allowed to unfold some of the wonderful powers which, alas, remain dormant in the great mass of humanity in this present age. No wonder they called it 'the Temple.'

The moon had just gone down beyond the western hills when the three sat around the triangular table, on which lay a fine Magic mirror encased in pure silver. Above the table hung a large crystal, in which played a mysterious and wondrous light. Overhead and directly above the crystal were two triangles

intertwined with a serpent around them. Above this was a large cross. Other symbols were found in the spaces between the windows. On a side table lay the bible and several translations of the sacred writings of the East.

Solemnly the clock in the old tower struck the midnight hour. Then the room grew light all at once, the door opened apparently without being touched by any one, and two figures stepped across the threshold. Fritz and Arda rose instinctively, for they felt the presence of superiors in spiritual advancement. They motioned the figures to take their seats. This they did without saying a word. Then the elder of the two indicated by a gesture that Fritz and his wife should sit a little distance from them on two other chairs. When this was done the three around the table bowed their heads for some minutes as if absorbed in prayer. Presently however, the elder fixed his gaze upon Fritz and spoke.

"You have advanced to the point where you will be admitted to our order as a brother of the third degree. In the name of all the masters of the inner temple I bid you welcome, and also your worthy mate, for our order does not separate husband and wife. We are ever mindful of the injunction, 'What God has joined together, let no man put asunder.' The brethren of Asia greet you through me."

The second Master rose and said, "The brethren of all the Americas greet you through me."

"And the brethren of all Europe through me."

The last sentence had been spoken by the Master whom Fritz knew. When the latter was seated the elder spoke again.

"It is necessary at this point that you should make a decision as to which path you will tread. It is in your power to become Reichskanzler of the German Empire. Bismark is going out soon, and the young emperor will look for some one younger to take his place. Bismark has stood as a figurehead of an age of war and aggression. The incoming spiritual era will call for men spiritually strong and developed. A

man is needed to inaugurate important reforms. To a people still immersed in selfishness and materialism he will be somewhat of an enigma. He will be in advance of his time, and he will suffer at the hands of those whom he tries to benefit. He will be misunderstood and persecuted, and only when this generation has passed away, will he be understood and appreciated. Monuments to him will be erected all over the country, and men will bless his memory as a pioneer in ushering in better conditions for the people. You have all the qualities needed for this mission, and with our help you may aspire to this position."

The second Master now spoke. "There is another path which you may tread and which I will show you. Away from the strife and struggle of men we have safe retreats in the mountain fastnesses of the Himalayas in India and the Andes in old Mexico. You have the privilege of entering any one of these, and there, removed from the outside world you may devote your whole time and energy to self-development. You may become great Masters of occult power, and unseen and unsuspected by the rest of the world you may labor with us for the advancement of the race. The supposition that the Masters in these retreats live only for the selfish development of their spiritual powers is not in harmony with facts, for they constantly labor for the wellbeing and the advancement of their fellow men in a manner unknown to the world at large."

The Master whom Fritz knew now took the word and said.

"There is still another path which you may pursue and which it is my duty to show you. You may remain where you are and live for the advancement of your art. You will become famous as a composer, and you will usher in a new era in music, an era that will produce a diviner music, a music that inspires and elevates. While doing this and becoming the greatest of all living composers, you may mingle with the people and work for their advancement in whatever way you may feel drawn."

When he had ceased speaking, the elder again took

the word and said: "Now that the paths have been shown you, brother of the third degree, choose."

Fritz sat in silence for fully five minutes, during which time no one in the room stirred. When he finally spoke it was with a voice full of emotion. He said: "For position and renown I care little, only as they are the result of good deeds. You have left me in perfect freedom to choose, and if I am going to choose wisely I must follow the inner voice in this matter. This bids me stay in the world and labor among my fellow men as one of them. The warm throbs of the human hearts are felt in my breast. I feel happy when I am with my fellow men. Their cares and troubles as well as their joys ever call forth a responsive echo in my heart. The divine love awakened within me holds me close to them and binds me to them with the strongest ties of sympathy. If I retire to the retreats of the Masters, or become Reichskanzler, I shall feel more alone, although I know that I am near my fellows in spirit, no matter where my body may be. Dear brothers, I shall follow the pathway shown me by my beloved teacher."

The elder Master said simply: "It is well. Follow the promptings of your heart, which I know is full of love for the race. We may find another for the post I have shown you as attainable. Hereafter, when you wish to see any of the brethren you may breathe forth your desire in spirit, and we shall come as we came to night."

The three Masters now laid each a hand on the head of Fritz and they said: "Peace and happiness, and love be with you henceforth and forever more. Amen."

They repeated the same with Arda, after which the two who had come last disappeared.

And here we shall leave them all. After what we know of Fritz and Arda, it is no great trick to foretell their future. It will be marked by good deeds and efforts to improve the condition of the people. And their great wealth will be used for the good of others, as well as their talents. The Divine love that has

awakened within them will flow in rich, warm streams out upon their fellow men, and it will return to them from a thousand hearts who are touched by their noble lives and work.

Only one of their many plans may I make public. It is their intention to establish a university where a thorough education in the higher sciences may be had for the asking by those who feel drawn towards the study of the same. From this will be sent forth teachers and healers all over the world. Both man and nature will be the subjects of study in the Central University. A higher science of Sex and Love than our material sciences know of will be taught here. 'As the aim will not be money making, only those who are naturally fitted for a work of unselfish devotion to the advancement of the race will find their way hither. And so there will be promulgated the seeds, not of a new Christianity, but of the Christianity of Jesus rightly understood, practiced and lived, which will lead men to the mastery of sin, sickness and poverty through the awakening and growth within their souls of the Christ-Spirit with all its powers and attributes.

One has already offered his services in this noble cause. It is Alma's portege, the priest's son.

He has been taught to love all men, even the man who should have done his duty as a father by him, but he is the foe of all errors and misconceptions, and he has devoted his life to the dissemination of truth, the truth that saves right here and now and for all time to come.

Others will be invited to assist in the work, and the eyes of Arda and Fritz are turned towards this country where there is an abundance of good teachers. They recognize the fact that the United States will be the land that is to lead the other nations of the earth in more advanced thought and conditions. But they see the movement strong here already and still weak in Europe, and the new University will therefore be founded in Germany. But they will often visit this great country and give aid to the cause wherever it needs such. They have learned to love this country

and its progressive people, and they have forgotten to call themselves Germans. They belong to the world, and their Fatherland is the great round earth. Their nation is the whole human race, and their father, God. There remains nothing more to be told now. What the future may bring to all the young as well as the older people who have a part in this story, may be told "after many days," and in another book, if the public wants to know it. Our task at present is ended, and it is the author's earnest wish, that the reading of this tale has been of pleasure as well as profit to all who had the patience to follow it to

THE END.

The Inner Light.

BY LYMAN W. DENTON.

As glistening minarets of mountain snow
 Reflect the solar rays to warm and cheer
 The dark, dank canyon's gloomy atmosphere,
 So to the darkest human vales a glow
 Is given from the glad supernal height
 Where dwells the soul of man. Like minarets
 It flashes on the lower plains soft jets—
 Ay, floods of God's eternal inner light.
 O friend! whate'er thy lot still thou art free
 To choose that which shall make the most of life—
 Let faith lead on, thou needst not human sight—
 All dearth of outer light the way may be
 With dangers hedged and full of rugged strife,
 Still for thy guidance burns the inner light.

—From "Good Stories."

Notice to Our Readers.

Hereafter we shall accept short and helpful articles of two pages or less. Remember, however, that we do not pay for contributions. We cannot promise the publication of any contribution, nor can we publish same always in the next number of *THE NEW MAN*. Therefore do not keep asking us why your article has not yet appeared. It will have to wait its turn, and if it never appears it is because it is not available for *THE NEW MAN*, although it may be excellent in itself. Unless return postage is enclosed, we do not return articles which we cannot use. Write plainly and on one side of the paper only. Do not indulge in offensive criticism or controversy.

There is nothing to fear but Fear.

Some people talk and talk, but say nothing.

Trust yourself and others will believe in you.

The "worms of the dust" theory has held the race in bondage. Let's believe ourselves princes for a change and see what will come of it.

Pentecost has asked his brother editors why they had to quote from the bible to support the New Thought principles. Well, brother, neither the editors nor the truths expounded need this support, but some of our readers do.

Honesty is still the best policy.

Love is the fulfilling of the law—the Law within us.

Step outside of your worries for a while and find out how little they are.

A Master is somebody who has mastered something.
We are all Masters.

The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee.
—Emerson.

As there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins.—Emerson.

When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence.—Emerson.

The best doctrine is that of self-reliance and self-help. Lets all learn it, dears. Know no master but thyself.

Many papers lead, but more mislead.

By watching your neighbors less, you have more time to make yourself a success.

Freedom through Rebellion.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Friends, I want you to join me in a great rebellion this year. All history shows that freedom from slavery and tyranny has come only through the rebellion of some one or more against the tyrants or oppressors. There was war and suffering for a time, but after the rebelling parties had carried the day, there followed an era of peace and prosperity. Such will also be the case now if you join issues with me and join the great army of rebels already interested in the cause.

At this point you are ready to ask: "Who, or what do you want us to rebel against?" I will tell you in a few words.

1st. I want you to rebel against the false notion that God lives far away in stellar space and is like some great tribal chieftain who needs flattery and sacrifice to keep him good natured towards you and others; that he needs to be told what to do for you, that you must crawl in the dust before him and beg him for all you need. Further I want you to renounce

the notion that it is his will that you should be sick, or poor, or miserable.

2nd. I want you to rebel against the false notion that you are weak and cannot rise above the conditions which now bind you, which are sin, sickness or poverty, or all of these.

If you got these false notions from current teachings regarding God and man, you must join with me at once in renouncing any further allegiance to these tyrants, for we are all ruled and governed by our beliefs and convictions, and we reap fruits only in accordance with the nature of our beliefs.

Jesus never promulgated any such debasing notions concerning God and man. He promised you an entirely different crop of fruits if you would learn to believe as he did. If you have ever read the New Testament you will know what the fruits are which *he* has promised them that *truly* believe.

What then is the Truth to which we must henceforth swear allegiance? I have told it so often, but you cannot be told it too often. It is this:

The Christ is within you. It is the universal Christ or God-Power that saves from sin, sickness and poverty. Not by sending your thoughts and aspirations out into space can you get what you want, but by calling upon the Christ within you.

Repose is What We Need.

Edwin Markham on the American Spirit of Unrest.

How He Would Overcome This Universal Characteristic That "Has Killed More People Than All The Battlefields."

Edwin Markham in New York Journal.

Americanitis is the new disease. I have not seen it described in the books of diagnosis; but its symptoms are apparent on half the faces one sees on the streets of a great city. It gives a strained, uneasy look to the features, a jerky, unmusical motion to the walk.

The sufferer has a hunted look; has many foolish unmeaning movements of the hands and feet. There is an utter lack of the power of repose.

With all this go dyspepsia, headaches, vertigoes, fears and tremblings, melancholias, suicidal manias, doctor bills, new-made graves.

What is this thing? It is the worry disease. It is the result of the nervous strain under which we pursue our enterprises. We live too intensely; we work too feverishly. We lack restraint; we lack poise and repose.

In business, in politics, in society, we live at high pressure; we fail to keep the law of tranquility; and at last the break down comes upon us like an avalanche. Then we are hurried away to the hospital, to the continent, to "a rest cure." Now this catastrophe is more often the result of overworry than it is of overwork. We die of over-eating, but seldom of over-working. Work is a taskmaster that may weary the mind; but worry is a highway robbery that carries away its most precious treasure. Work can be laid aside, but worry clings to the mind like a ghost in a tower.

We are fooled by our worries. They call down upon us the very things we dread. They lead us in the very shapes we have conjured in our forebodings. Fear, (which is the parent of worry) breaks down the guards of the body and lets in the disease that we are dreading. We invite what we expect.

Our safety lies in a strong, positive, hopeful attitude. It is not that rest is needed so much as serenity. We need the large composure that quiets all our hurries and our worries.

Worry, working through the power of imagination, has killed more people than all the battlefields. And yet, strange to say, all worry is utterly illogical. There are (says someone) two sorts of things that we should not worry over—those that can be helped and those that cannot. For if they can be helped, go and help them; if they cannot, then worrying over them only makes them worse.

But what has brought our national disease into being? Out of what swamp, out of what sewer sprang its deadly miasma? It comes from many sources. One chief source of it is our feverish desire for wealth. We have put aside the large treasures of the mind in our mad scramble for riches. A golden calf instead of the royal eagle would best represent our national idiosyncrasy.

And here comes in one of those terrible judgments that seem to inhere in the very nature of life itself. A man spends a lifetime in the selfish pursuit of wealth,

Forgetting the large mansions of the mind
That are the rest and shelter of mankind:

and finally at the end of all his struggles he sees his fortune securely in his clutch—and what then? He finds that his fierce struggle for riches has deprived him of the power to enjoy them.

He has had no serenity in his life, no baptism of silence, no hours of thought on higher things. He has heard perhaps that a library is a mark of leisure and refinement. So he orders his bookseller to fill up so many feet of wall space with books. He visits the continent; he wanders through the Colosseum, but it means little or nothing to him. For this august ruin is nothing unless it is seen under the consecrating light of the imagination. It is poetry that gives to it an eternal splendor.

I am now reminded of a certain great American millionaire. He was greedy and selfish to the end. With no humane purpose in view, he had spent the energies of a lifetime in money-grabbing. What came of it all? Well, one day I saw his great white table spread for dinner. There were silver plate and golden candelabra; great sideboards with steaming dishes; servants came and went at a word. Presently the rich man came doddering in and sat down. But what was his share of all these smoking viands? Just one poor bowl of gruel! The devil of dyspepsia was curled up inside of the poor wretch. His dream had burst and left him a little gruel in a bowl!

What does it all mean? It means that we are in a world of strict rewards and punishments. No man breaks the agust law, but many are broken by it.

And now what is the cure for our nervous breakdown of our people? For one thing we need education; we need a living knowledge of the things that are most worth while. We need a larger vision of life, a deeper insight into the spiritual realities, a stronger hold upon the mighty hopes that make us men. Living in this larger world of ideas, we will be above the little worries of the moment. We can descend again and again into the world of practical affairs, and yet remain superior to its changing fortunes. Man is greater than the world—he is greater than his fate.

In this larger life, we will come to look even on our mistakes as needed lessons. Why, without mistakes and failures, we would have no living experience, no growth, no evolution. What is there, then, to worry about, when failure may serve us as well as victory?

I have a Japanese friend who has solved the problem. He broke a wheel on the highway; he was out on the ground in a moment, repairing the break, his lips rippling with laughter at the joke of it. He has the rare faculty of meeting mishaps with a heart as light as a child's. Of one thing we may be certain—the eleventh commandment is, "Be merry!"

My nervous friends, turn away from self, forget yourselves in some quiet and useful labor; some unselfish labor for others is best.

Why We Remember and Why We Forget.

IS THERE A PHYSICAL BASIS?

Failure to control one's temper means as savage a blow to the memory as can be given. Irritability means diminution of brain power—an individual remembers well or forgets easily, according to the mood. Dr. Boris Sidis says this, and the scientific world

admits that Dr. Boris is an authority. He is a psychologist and the author of several text-books known to every student.

"The memory is good or bad according to the mental or nervous condition of the individual," said Dr. Sidis. "If you have plenty of sleep, then you remember, because you have an ample amount of nervous energy, and the right sort of energy.

"Clench your two hands and place them together. Now the memory is regulated by the nervous system, which is formed of nerve cells. We will say that each hand represents a series of nerve cells. These cells are connected by what are called processes. Press your clenched hands together. Now the knuckles of your fingers touch one another. That is the normal condition of the nerve cell.

"The processes which connect the cells while not inflated are of their normal size. When the energy has been drawn from the nerve cells these processes shrink, and the nerve cells are not connected. It is just as when your hands are pressed together, each hand feels the other; they are associated. But move them apart ever so little and that feeling of association ceases. They become dissociated. And there you have memory and forgetfulness—association and dissociation.

There are various causes which may bring about dissociation, but the chief of these is fatigue, or over-draft on the nervous energy. We will say an oblong space of five inches represents the nervous energy of the system. The normal use of energy would perhaps reduce that supply an inch. A night's rest would restore all this.

"Suppose, however, that you do not sleep well, or that you work late. When you begin a new day your supply of energy is not normal and therefore you call upon the reserve. Now, the more you call on that reserve, the more you encroach upon the power of memory, the more you invite mental affections, the more you make yourself unfit for any mental applications whatsoever.

"This is what the person does who pays no attention to recuperation, and it is the absolute cause of what we hear called a failing memory.

"People have been known to commit crimes and the following day have no knowledge of their acts. It was because they lost the personal memory temporarily.

"Worry has exactly the same effect as fatigue, because your nervous energy is constantly depleted and in an unnatural way. The result is you find your mind always tired, and that you have small ability to concentrate your thoughts. That is what leads to the expression we so often hear, 'Worried and forgetful.'

"Sometimes it is the case that the harder we try to remember the easier it is to forget. You will read a paragraph in a book over five or six times, with the view of committing it to memory. An hour afterwards you will try to recall it and fail utterly, and you will be greatly annoyed by the fact that you remember some trivial thing of no consequence whatever that occurred while you were reading this paragraph.

"This is because what you did not remember required no effort, perhaps it was something that amused you, but what you read created fatigue more and more as you read it over and over until finally there was no impression at all, the energy was not of sufficient force to cause you to remember."

The inner self dwells always at peace. The inner self is always calm, always steadfast, always serene, always sweet. Moreover the inner self wears a complete suit of armor against which the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" wreck themselves in vain. What can be annoyed is merely the petty personal self, the self that is of no consequence whatever, the self it is our object in life to overcome. —*Jean Porter Rudd in The Eree Man.*

I have tried to hint to you two opposite sorts of men. The one trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and

rules, which he has got by heart; and like a weak oarsman, feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles over all day, to see if they are growing. The other, not even knowing whether he is good or not but just doing the right thing without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the Spirit of God is with him. If you cannot see the great gulf fixed between the two, I trust that you will discover it some day.—*Charles Kingsley.*

+++ TO OUR READERS +++

"The Master's Way,"

AND THE STORY

"OUR ANGEL IN HEAVEN."

will be published in book form, each in a separate book. Price of each will be 50 cents. Advance orders will be taken for one or both. If you order both books before they are out you can get them for 75 cents. Remember there will be no discount when they are out. Address

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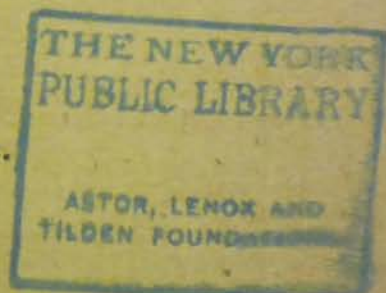
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